hardcore of the Mod cult, rejected the fashion moves that took the artier element of their movement , to close to the haries, and the natural enemy the biker. The Chelsea set, to the mods were little more than rich hippies, a jet-set drugs circle. The skinhead movement did not start so much, as an independant look, as was allowed to come through the fashion mere, from within the mod cult.,The skinhead look had been a fringe thing since 1964 and 1968 was the year when it would take over, For the Face and fashion one-upmanship, came into direct conflict with the grass root values of the mods. And those that instigated fashion went their way, while those who advocate the grass roots value of mods instigated the skinhead look.

1968 was also to see the departure of "Bluebeat" exactly why Emile Shallot withdrew the company, isn't known, but pulling out in that stage of the game amounts to the same disasterious decision making as, that famous story of the agent who turned up the chance of signing the Beatles.

The change from rocksteady to Reggae was also to happen, reputedly in Clement's Studio 1, when a session musician by the name of Eric Frater was preparing to do a set with Studio Engineer Ivan Morris, as Ivan set up Eric was idly experimenting with a new Echo Phaser he had aqquired, it was through this messing around that the reggae guitar strum, was innovated.

Reggae was making itself known in the UK with "Isralites" collecting honours as the first Jamaican record to score a number one. Skinheads and reggae were married with a welt of skinhead numbers "Skinhead moonstomp", "skinhead train", "skinhead shuffle", Ect. Trojan started issueing Reggae in bulk, with reggae up front and skinheads everywhere the night spots warmed to this revenue. The Top Rank Organization, had the biggest collection of dance halls in the country and each one had the promise of drink, girls and reggae.

Reggae was here to stay.....

While Ska was set to return in the eighties, but thats another story.

LAUREL AITKEN & THE POTATO FIVE

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ISSUE NINE

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Welcome to yet another issue of Chargesheet, the issue with an extra eight pages absolutely free. Infact I could say welcome to my - Big Nine, but I'm a modest sort of geezer! The extra pages have been added to offset the sizes of the Garry Bushell interview and The story of Ska feature. In this way I didn't have to compromise the content of the articles or my policy of providing variety. "Bloody good to you lot ain't I ?"

The Ska feature, while being the best I've seen in a fanzine, is still a far cry from a totally comprehensive look at the music and scene that was ska, both in Jamaica and here at home. I'm hoping to put this right with the help of others, though what shape or form this publication will take, is open-ended at the moment, so more on that later.

I've recieved word from Uncle Sam, that the "U.S. of Oi!" LP, planned for New Jersey band "Doc Marten", has become a victim of the axe in a policy shake-up at Oi Records. This has caused a certain amount of dissapointment and bitterness on behalf of the band themselves. So to clarify the situation, I am inviting Roddy to provide a statement of policy for publication in this fanzine.

Having hired a van for the night and taken off to the "Pink Toothbrush" nightclub in Essex. It came as a bit of a blow to find skinheads had been banned, because of previous aggro. The Basis for the ban, was anyone with cropped hair, for the night is principly a scooterist night. But as a lot of you know, crops are pretty universal between the skinhead and scooterist scene. So this was likely to cause a few problems - which it did! It took around half an hour of chatting with the management, before they came round and not only let us in, but reversed the ban on skinheads, for it would cause more problems than it resolved. So this is good news for any skins who use the club. Be warned though, for the management didn't have to do what they did. Its their club, their bread and butter, they've treated us with respect and done right by us. So its up to us to make sure their judgement isn't misplaced. This advice goes further than a solitary case, any place which accepts us as we are deserves our mutual respect in return. For such venues are our pearls, our lifelines - so don't abuse them, or you might find that "The Specails" - "Ghost Town", apart from being a great single, will be the reality of the situation. Intergration amoungst street cults is the key to the future, and the "Pink Toothbrush" does a fine job of bringing alsorts of odds and sods together. Politics and petty divisions should be left at the door, at least for the duration of the night. As Johnny Rotten said - "Life is about having fun... you remember fun don't ya ?....YOUR SUPPOSE TO ENJOY IT!" A good philosphy to have, for a night out is about fun and relaxtion - not having to watch your back all the time, have a laugh, act the fool, but don't act like an arsehole, or you'll be treated like one. Thanks to the management, and the bouncers for being the sort you can talk to - a very rare commodity.

"Ready Steady go" was the watchword of a generation. Millie was to give an appearance, as was Prince Buster in later years.

Everything was new, everything was - modern. As ska and soul, R & B caught on, the music industry had to have a massive re-think. Melody Maker reduced its largely predominant Jazz factor. While clubs were opening or turning over to what the public were demanding.

Sounds like "The Dixie cups", "Lulu & the Luvvers" ,"The crystals", "Dusty Springfield", "Supremes", "Prince Buster", "Lynn Tait & the jets", Skatalites", "Millie ", "Ezz Reco", ECT.

All music styles were freely mixed, as long as they were hip. With the mods the in-places were "The Scene" in Soho, "The Roaring Twenties" in Carnaby Street, "THE Marquee" at 93 Wardour Street,and The "Flamingo Club" (Which was instrument -al in the innovation of "allnighters").

Along with the Marquee, the Flamingo club held regular ska sessions with the likes of "Syko & the Caribs" or "The Exotics & Mickey Finn" play -ing live sets. Even the bastion of British jazz "The 100 Club" had to do a partial climb - down and opened as a matinee club catering to the lunch-time mod crowd.

As the sound system was the forerunner of the mobile disco , then so were the dance halls of the day, the fore-runner of the purpose built diso club. Which first appeared in 64, with the opening of "La Discotheque" in competition with The Marquee & Flamingo who were already residences of Wardour Street. The Flamingo club is also worthy of an extra note, for they played host to a star in the making, a bouncer by the name of Alex Huges was to launch an entire career on the strength of a recording costing £6. The recording was Big six.

HARRY J. OUTSIDE HIS STUDIO.

1966 was quiet in the UK, as only one record came in for a charting posistion, it was Millies return with "Bloodshot eyes" that clocked up a no48 place in November. While things were quiet over here, in Jamaica the advent of Rocksteady was taking shape, a form that was to rub shoulders with the remain ska sounds, in the uk charts of 67.

1967

23rd Feburary	Al capone	- Prince Buster	no 18
20th April	Guns of Naverone	- Skatalites	no 36
12th July	007	- Desmond Dekker	no 14
26th August	Club Ska 67 (LP)	- Various	no 37
13th September	Train to Skaville	- Ethiopeans	no 40
22nd November	Train tour to Rainbow City	- The Pyramids	no 35

More clubs were beginning to open, many dedicated largely to the Jamaican ryhthms, in what ever shape or form they took. There was "The Ram Jam" club in Brixton, "The four Aces" over North London, "The 007 club " in the Eastend and the Columbian in Carnaby street (Formerly "The Roaring Twenties"). 1967 saw a visting concert by the leading rock-steady band of the day - "The Peanut Vendors" put in an appearance at the Ram Jam, swiftly followed by "Prince Buster" and his Ready Steady Go appearance. With 1967 drawing to a close, '68 was in. And in that year something phenomenal happened, Lee Goptal & Chris Blackwell joined forces to form the "Trojan Records Limited". At the same time the dissallisioned

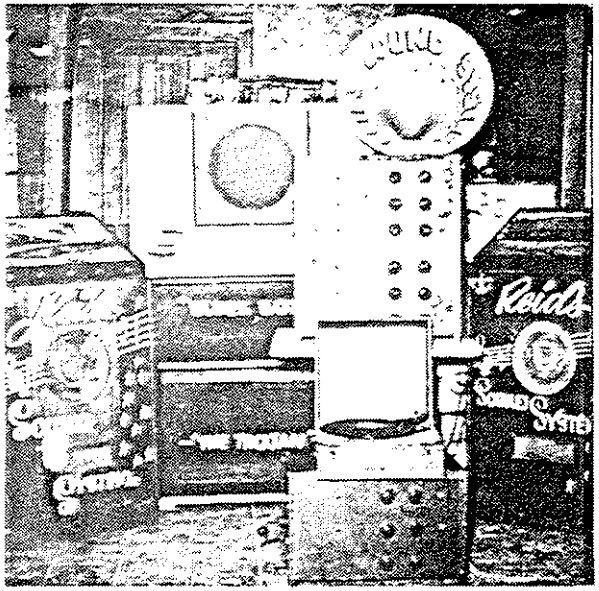
Firmly on him he launched into: "You love the life you live, and you live the life you love. This is Lord Comic- Now I give you the scene you've got to be really keen, And me no Jelly bean.

Sir Lord Comic answer his spinning wheel, from his record machine. Stick around be no clown, see what the boss is putting down"

This style put him firmly in the forefront of the toasting movement. By the 60s he was recording "adam & eve went up my sleeve" ("Ska-ing west").

Toasting suited the showmen aspirations of the operators. It also gave them a chance to belittle the opposistion, evidence of which can be found in many of the 60s recordings.

Toasting styles gave rise to many top names. Count Stitts, Lee Perry, Prince Buster, Jackie Mittoo, who were to rise from the ranks of operators (Count Stitts later to elvate himself to King Stitts).

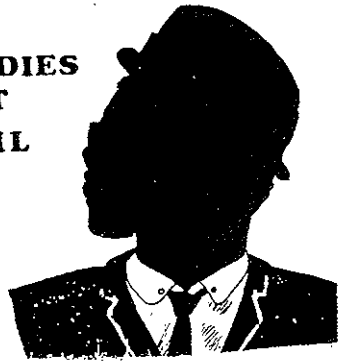


COMPONANT PARTS OF DUKE REID'S SYSTEM

Taking the ska movement as a whole, the promotion and the recording of the movement was not just the sole perogative of the sound sytem operator, the business world also moved in and ethier used their exsisting "calypso" labels or created new ones, such as: "Melodisc, Gayfeet, Beverley, High Note, ect". The business quarters were to make the first move in exportation. In 1961 Emile Shallot, the owner of Melodisc, set up the "Bluebeat" label in the UK, to cater to the local ethnic community. Within twelve months the issue of soverignity of Jamaica was resolved, the Island was granted independance in 1962. The goverment of the independant state, set into motion a move to export the skabeat to America, by financing a tour of the southern states and major cities of the USA. The prime spot was Byron Lee & the Dragonaries, but the package failed to ignite US intrests. Even as the tour flopped, a young white Jamaican called Chris Blackwell was setting up his Island records label and an even younger Jimmy Cliff was topping the Jamaican charts with his celebration of independance - "Miss Jamaica".

If the U.S. were unimpressed, than the UK must have gone ska-raving mad! "Bluebeat" happily peddled the sound to the ethnic communities and any other intrested parties.

In 1963 Chris Blackwell was experiencing finacial difficulty with his label. In an effort to keep the company afloat, he sold the contractual rights to some of his performers to the "Fontana" Record corperation. Besides providing him with much needed funds, it also provided Ska with its first major Conquest. "My boy lollipop" by Millie went no 2 in 11th of april 1964. At the sametime a white UK group went number 10 with a ska version of "Mockingbird hill" the group was "The Migil Five". Others to score that year were "Ezz Reco" with "King of kings" (no44 - 5/5/64) and Millie again with "Sweet William" (no30 - 25/6/64). With the baptism complete the competition hotted up, with the establishment of B & C Records, in South London, in 64 by Lee Goptal. He set to work straight away building up a distribution network of record shops. Ska was being featured in dances all over the place, for the now established Mod culture took to it along with the other black musics.



BEAUTY IS ONLY.....

SKIN

DEEP

Who ever wrote those immortal words was eithier incredibly pissed, or had not met the band of the same name. Four of the ugliest geezers you could ever hope to avoid (Only joking lads).

Wayne, Mik, Andy and Jud make up the quartet of "SKIN DEEP", and are probably the youngest commercially sucessful bands, since the Cockney Rejects hit the indies with their "Flairs & slippers" EP. As the band put it - "Our main problem is transport, none of us is old enough to hire a van".....

Hailing from that partof the country that spawned my other favourite band, Accident, SKIN DEEP "Scratched" themselves together in the fall of Eighty-five. It was to be six months till they saw their debut in Rotherham, with a couple of local punk bands. The following gig saw them revolving in good company as they supported Condemned Eighty-four and Section 5 at the Limits club in Sheffield.

The next big gig was with Accident and Condemned Eighty-four, at Adam & Eves, due to a few delays of one sort or another, Skin Deep barely had time to complete half a set.

The line-up went through a small alteration, when they gave the bassist the boot, because he did not conform to the desired image the band wanted to project, that of - Skinhead.
With Jud in, in Shauns place the cropped -haired compliment was complete. Sound-wise the influences range from Cockney Rejects, Red Alert to a sparkle of ska in some of their tracks.

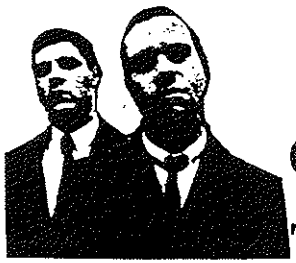
As age limits the amount of finance they can plough into the band, they practise in Waynes kitchen every saturday or sunday. Even though they do not have the kind of cash others might have, they nevertheless have a deep commitment to SKIN DEEP. And such youthful enthusiams is apparent in their "OI the Resurrection" track - "Self-Respect".

Having seemed them at Walthamstow, doing the warm-up line for Condemned and Vicious Rumours, I would not be surprised if we will be hearing a lot more of SKIN DEEP in the future.

(self-respect)

1: The wrong ideas are in his head,
hes like that to act hard
But he don t know he looks all wrong,
he seems to disregard
The way he looks at others,
you would think he had the right
he says he is deadly with a knife
in a man to man gang fight.

C: He s got no self-respect, wheres his pride
and dignity
Hes got no self-respect, no pride or dignity



Grilling the Godfather

THE F.B.I *{First Bushell Interview}*

Everyone has an opinion of Garry Bushell - Saint or Sinner ? Either way, no one can denigh him his dues. For it was he alone who nutured the skinhead cult from the early days of the "Barmy Sham Army",to the national working class fashion,during the inauguration of 2-tone and the advent of oi!

May be some of his later actions seemed a bit off, so here's your chance to hear the full story. And for the sake of what good Garry did, the least we can do is hear him out!

(Many thanks to Garry)

Born on the 13th of May, in Indus road, Charlton, London South-East, in 1956 - Gal was the son of a local fireman. He had a typical up-bringing that this part of London provides. As he got older music was to have an ever increasing bearing on his life. His mother, who worked as a secretary, and his father were always playing music on the stereogram. On looking back the sort of things that sprang to mind were-"Music, Parties, Rooms full of smoke, Playing brag and poker and being taken to see Charlton- when they had a ground to be proud of!" - Being born when he was, meant that Garry entered his teens during that significant year of 1969 and it went without saying that the sort of sounds he was into came from the houses of "Trojan" & "Motown" records.

Later as the sixties gave way to the seventies, his tastes widened to include the likes of "T.Rex", "Slade" and other sounds from the Glam/Bubblegum rock era.

After completeing the required life-sentence at school, his career got off to a flying start as a trolley pusher with "Shell" in SE 1. After pushing the trolley,Garry pushed off and got a white collar job in the London Fire Brigade's HQ in the same area.

Writing had really started at school, doing bits and pieces, but his first shot at music journalism came with the onslaught of Punk. And a growth industry of fanzines, the whole movement was a D.I.Y. culture and Garry had several - "My best was NEPALM - That was during '77". NAPALM ran through '77 to '78, when Garry packed it in. Mainly because the

(CONTINUE ON NEXT PAGE)

TELEVISION FAMILIES

I'm looking at the picture
I'm looking at the screen
I'm looking at the faces -
It makes me wanna scream.
For their so nice - so nice and Precise
when clamity strikes
they're as cool as ice.

The families in TV ads-
are making the rest of us look bad!

You can see them in total ecstacy
in a soap powder sexaul fantasy
where whiter than white is the currency
and the dirty grey is you and me.

It's the families in TV ads
are making the rest of us look bad

It's an unreal world beyond the screen
where life is played out like a dream
and no one shouts and no one swears
their whiter than the advert underwear

Its the families in TV ads
that are making the rest of us look bad

What boring people they must be
if white Y-fronts causes ecstacy ?
and breakfast cereal brings on a song
it makes me wonder where I went wrong ?

But it's the families on TV ads
that make the rest of us look bad.

But real life, it ain't like that
it's full of ups and downs.
it'll kick you in the teeth
and treat you like a clown

For we're not the families on TV ads
it's the real world, and ain't I glad ?

DUKE REID
(Note revolver in hip holster)

Fities gave way to the sixties. Duke Reid spent more time in the studio and left the running of his Sounds systems to his trusted no1 and no2 D.J.'s. Duke was always the astute businessman, running two D.J. units in this way, he could command a larger fee for his "Boss sound no 1". By limiting the the clientele, who could hire his top unit, he created an elitism of his NO 1 sound, a better DJ, the best of the records all worked to enhance his reputation. More Sound System operators went into the studio, with local musicians, working on a fee basis.

The R & B flavour can be distinctly heard in the two classics of the early sixties: Bartender - Laurel Aitken & Fatman- Derrick Morgan. Even as vocalization was over-taking the instrumental cuts, Ska had been concieved at the hands of some intrepid musicians, eithier in the late fifties or very early sixties.

Exactly who it was is non-too-clear, but Bunny Lee matains that it was Klugie of Klugie & the Blues Busters, who first spoke of ska : "One day he was trying to get the guitars to play something, so he say - Make the guitars go- ska! Ska! SKA!, that is how ska earnt its name".

Whatever the truth is, Ska was a cinch to catch on. The Rhythms were good, an all over instant appeal in its style. With the sound system men hovvering between recordings and dates, the whole thing was a cottage industry. With sound system men acting as agents, recording contractors, Pressing organizers, and publicity agents via the popularity of their sound systems.

From hiring studio time, these men took the initiative to set up their own labels and in some cases their own studios - these studios and labels immortalized the name of their originators respective sound systems. Clement Coxsone Dodd set up studio one, which included the "Coxsone" label, Duke Reid's "Treasure Isle" system gave rise to the studio/ label of the same name. Prince Buster label came from the young prince of Orange Street.

Talkover or toasting had reputedly started with Count Machouki, although he may not be as widely known as say, U-roy or D.D. Dennis, but his style gave rise to one of the big ska names.

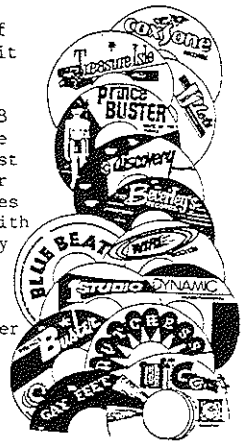
Sir Lord Comic had been a regular dancer at gigs by Admiral Deans. Being a bit of a floating talent, Deans would give Comic the chance to operate the system, when ever he felt like a dance or a break. Sir Lord Comic had caught a gig by Count Machouki, and was turned on to the way the man spoke in between the rhythms. His break came at a venue in Maxwell well avenue, where Deans no1 DJ had hit the bottle a bit too heavy, so Deans offered that nights slot to Sir Lord Comic, immediately he popped down to Spanish Town Road and borrowed a mike from a man called Nat King Prof. It was the 26th of December 1959, when Sir Lord Comic made his speak over debut. During the fourth groove, he called out "Breaks!" Then with the attention

A MOBILE RECORD SHACK

The visiting ships were the hub of a black market cottage industry of records for rum. Coupled with the programs beaming in from the U.S. it spelt the end for the ill-fated Mento revolution.

As there was not an official method of record importation, the scarcity of American R & B discs gave rise to a climate of rivalry and oneupmanship, between the pioneers of the sound system operators, each strove to gain the latest records, as stated they could use the Amercian navel personnel, other sources included, migrant workers who emigrated to the southern states for the duration of the season. Who would then return to the isle, with their wages converted into vinyl - each bringing back as many as they could carry, for these could treble and quadruple the outlay.

Other more enterprising operators would travel to the states, for the sole purpose of aqquiring the very latest releases. These records no matter where or how they were aqquired, the sound system men would scratch the label off, to create a blank then write in a more personnalized title - it was a crude but effective method of copyright control. Ensuring that once a record was aqquired, the competitors of the record owner, couldn't find out who the record was by, the record was then the sole property of that particular sound system, unless someone discovered the origin by accident.



SOME OF THE LABELS OF THE SIXTIES

SIR LORD COMIC

It was a continious search for the "Boss sound" - this was reached through a blend of sound equiptment, personality and above all the records. The oneupmanship gave rise to the "Battle of the sound systems" in which reputations were made and broken, infront of an audience/jury. The intensity of the rivalry, also produced some scenes of violence, ranking all the way up to full-blooded riots. These fights were the result of traveling supporters of one sound system, meeting with the supporters of another. In this way the Sound system became like the home and away fans of football violence.

A testiment to the times was the colt revolver that Duke Reid always carried, Western style, in a hip-holster.

The reliance on America was most probaly the one big factor to culminate in the advent of Ska. As the states was hit by the rock & Roll explosion of Bill Haley, Big Bopper, Jerry Lee Lewis and later Elvis Presley was to have an enourmous effect on the record industry.

As the companies all rushed to claim a large portion of the pie, the traditional R & B fare lay forgot. All but a few top-names were starved out. Not even the few were enough to sustain the volitile nature of the sound system war. The competion narrowed as the sheer cost of travelling statewise, was not going to be reward with the previous bonanzas, they had come to expect. In the end the real cut-throat play off was between Clement Coxsone Dodd and Duke Reid. Coxsone still plumbed for travelling statewise to keep the sound system valid. Duke was the man to point the way, for others to follow. Gathering together a few musicians, he would pay for them to go into the studio to cut a single wax copy, sometimes even a limited pressing which would be sold to minor league sound systems, who were of no real threat to his "Treasure Isle" system, in this way he could recouperate some of the cost; which was after all minimal. The musicians barely got a fee, let alone royalties on the broadcast of their work.

These discs were instrumental R & B tracks, The bands having been put together for the duration. Though as competition was extended to engulf this field as well. It gave rise to vocal offerings, with names such as Laurel Aitken, Derrick Morgan, Lord Spoon, amoungst others, the presidence for Ska was being laid, even as the the fanzine mentality stank like a racid polecat and/or Seething Wells politics. During such times our Gal lived in White City and later in Stratford, but when he put an end to Napalm he moved back to the South-east of London - Kidbrooke's Ferrier Estate to be precise. Area's changed and so did jobs. Back then Gal was doing an NUJ training course at The London College of printing, thanks to a block-release from a local paper he was working on.

SOUNDING OUT SOUNDS

The upswing from local to national weekly came from determination, gift of the gab and a lot of hard work. -"I rang up, talked and worked my way onto the staff, by sending in something like 7 reviews in 9 days".

His first review was on the Clash, but his first proper assignment through the paper was to go out and interview The Boomtown Rats. At this point Garry added that he generally wrote about the things he wanted to, and not what he was told to write about. I went on to ask if he found it easy to get along with his colleagues and the people in the music business ? To which he responded, "Well, yes and no. There were a lot of decent blokes and girls - but also there were a lot of snivelling, hypocritical, middle-class tossers as well. Alan lewis was a great bloke, Barton and Betty Page were really on the ball too. You know it's the tossers from '78 who are still on Sounds now that make it stink so much. As for the biz people I've never liked parasites, so there was no love lost there!"

FROM GAL TO GONAD.

Now the fact that The Gonads and Gal Bushell are - closely related (To put it mildly) is no real secret. So I pressed him to see if there were any other ventures onto vinyl with other bands, apart from the Gonads. The reply was a tight-lipped "Yeah but none I'll talk about at the moment!" - which could indicate a secret past - eh Garry ? (Or should I have said "Garry Pursey, Gal Vicious, or Stinky Bushell ?)

NO TIME TO BE TWENTY-ONE- To be anyone!

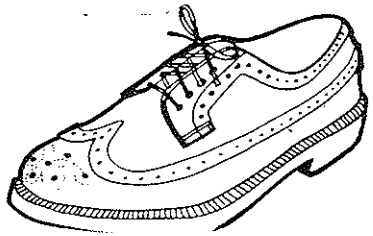
The next question on the agenda concerned the bands of the punk era, what ones had stood out for him and why.

"Sex Pistols and The Clash first. Cock Sparrer secound, Sham & Menace next for the '76 - '78 period. Then from '78 to '79: The Ruts, The Skids, as much as the Upstarts, The Rejects and the Members early on. It was also in '78 that I saw The Specials supporting The Clash and I raved about them. Slaughter and the dogs were good, I liked X-Ray-Spex, also the first two Penertration singles. Now the Lurkers were good for a laugh, and..Oh shit I forgot the Jam - they were the business in '79 and were always good before that ! I've probably missed someone out - oh yea, of course! the obvious one would be Madness. You know where ever I am in the world, if I hear Madness it makes me think of London - A great band, great tunes, nice lyrics and nice guys. As to why I like the others, well The Clash for making sense of the Pistols glourious Nihilism, the Ruts for there energy , the Jam for the quality of their tunes; Cock Sparrer for being the real thing, The Skids for daring to be different. Sham 69 for bringing punk down to earth (here Here) then Menace for their Raucous Bonhomie.... ..And I reckon you must know why I like the Rejects and Upstarts ? "

I WANNA BE TEENAGE!

Digressing from the punk era shortly, I relayed to him an article I had read from an American Magazine, which contained references to the Kidbrooke skins of '69 and how the hippies would avoid getting off the train there,prephering to stay on until the next stop. This prompted me to ask what he could remember of this era and what impression it left on him, the answer to which was as follows:

" I was twelve, thirteen when I became aware of skinheads. Me and mu cousin Jackie use to go to a skinhead disco in one of the factories down Charlton, round the back of Victoria way. I hated the hippies, and the skinhead fashions and way of life were fascinating. I was a suedehead though - that was the first fashion I followed properly. The skins and suedes were always clean and well turned out - not like some of the scruffy glue-bag morons that tend to let the cult down now! Also then, skinheads weren't a fringe thing - they were a mass working-class movement. My wife was a skinhead girl at the same time. I remember her mum burning Max Romeo's "Wet Dream" when she heard the words - "Laugh ? - I almost bought a beer!"



Questions and Answers

I SUPPOSE IT WAS YOU WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SHAM SKIN, AND INDEPENDANT SKINHEAD FOCUS ARTICLES THAT APPEARED IN SOUNDS. WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW, IS WAS THIS ASSIGNED TO YOU, OR WAS IT OF YOUR OWN ACCORD. IF SO HOW WAS IT RECIEVED BY THE POWERS THAT BE ?

G.B. No it was all me. I was into Sham before I joined Sounds, I saw them back in '77 and knew Jimmy from then. Sounds was my way of writing about the new skin & Punk bands to a larger audience. As to the powers that be, the whole thing was recieved with indifference intially. They didn't start to panic till 1980. Well - the bands I covered were good for sales after all!

WHEN DID 'MADNESS' FIRST COME TO YOUR ATTENTION ?

G.B. Early summer of '79, I saw them in West London, and I was the first person on Sounds to review them. I'd heard about them through the grape vine, cos obviously Oxo Tom and Garry Hitchcock had know Suggsy from '76. The first thing he said to me was "Please don't call us a skinhead band!".

RIGHT SHAM 69 AND SOME OF THE OTHER "BOYS" BANDS WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GROUPING TOGETHER OF THE LOOSELY EMERGING SKINHEAD CULT. WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS, WERE YOU AT ALL SURPRISED BY THE SKINHEAD EXPLOSION CAUSED BY THE ARRIVAL OF THE SKA/PUNK CROSS OVER OF 2-TONE . AS IT WOULD APPEAR FROM THE SHAM - SKINHEAD ARTICLES -

2-TONE -THE CONCEPTION OF OI, ALL THINGS WERE WORKING TOWARDS A SITUATION WHERE SKINHEADS WOULD PROSPER. HOW MUCH OF THIS WAS INCIDENTAL AND HOW MUCH WAS ORCHESTRATED ?

G.B. Well I don't think the skinhead revival was orchestrated, but obviously me covering it to the extent I did encouraged development. Sounds was the skinhead bible. 2-Tone itself was a paralell thing, the rudies weren't really skins - they were like semi-mods. Madness and Bad Manners had the real skinhead following. Rudies were different because they moved the emphasis away from rucking and more onto fashion and style. The rudies brought in hundreds of West Indian skins, which were like the original afro boys all over again.

SO, WHEN THE SECOUND WAVE OF SKINHEADS STARTED, HOW DID YOU PERCIEVE THE CULT IN RELATION TO THE WAY IT HAD BEEN BEFORE, AND HOW IT WAS GOING TO BE NOW ?

G.B. Initially it was very similar. In London it was a terrace cult by 1980, but there after the style degenerated with the intro of skunk - that cross over into punk. That's the one thing I regret encouraging. Skins should never be about scruffiness and glue!

ONTO THE COCKNEY REJECTS, WHAT DID YOURS AND JIMMY PURSEY'S INVOLVEMENT WITH THEM AMOUNT TO ?

G.B. The Rejects approached me with their demo tape. I liked it so much that I talked Jimmy Pursey into getting them into the studio. From there I managed them and got them gigs at the Bridgehouse and various other venues, then me and Jimmy talked E.M.I. into signing them for £20,000!

It was then I decided to step down and let Sham's manager-Tony Gordon - take over. I wish I hadn't now cos he screwed them up.

BEING THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR "OI", HOW DID THE CONCEPT AND PHRASE COME ABOUT ,AND WHY DID YOU THINK THE TIME WAS RIGHT ?

G.B. It was because The Rejects and the Upstarts were the reality of the punk Myth. The first wave of punk was dead, dumb or dying. The bands around The Rejects and

THE GRAPE PRESSERS STOMP!

he loved the thrill of the chase.....

Find out what happens next
in the concluding episode of
revenge

The story of..... SKA!

Ska - there is no other music form quite like it. Without the birth of this phenomenal "new beat", there would have certainly been no rocksteady or even reggae. Infact a world without ska, would have been a world without : Desmond Dekker, Harry J, The Trojan "Tighten up" albums, Bob Marley, 2-tone & Potato 5. It would also raise the question, "Would there have been a skinhead cult as we know it, let alone a revival ?"

This might seem like a dramatic assumption to draw, yet the skinhead cult and Ska are linked by an intricate pattern weaved between the music and youth cultures. They are linked as surely as the hunter and the hunted of the animal kingdom's "food-chain", and there have been enough television programs showing what far reaching effects we can have on this chain, by breaking one of the links.

So we owe a lot to the conception of this music; even those with no "feeling" for Jamaican rhythms, must acknowledge the number of cover-versions, that have hit the charts. Even though the song might have been taken out of its context of ethnic rhythm, it was nevertheless a result of the ska innovation.

For some ska is the key to a magical era - a dance music that opens the doors to the sixties, while still remaining relevant to today; for others it is little more than a three-lettered word. To trace the roots of ska it is necessary to turn the clock back to a post-war world. As countries recovered and rebuilt themselves, the emphasis of the people was placed on celebration, for five years they had lived with the threat of violent death, now was the time to celebrate life and the living. Clebration meant entertainment, in the pursuit of this, a new phenomonon arose on the isle of Jamaica. "The sound system" , these were the crude forerunners of todays mobile discos. Jamaica had been turned onto the American R & B, they had an insatiable appetite for the music. The music invaded the airwaves via radio-stations in Memphis, Tennesee & Miami. The men of the sound systems saw the potential to make some money out of giving the public what they wanted. Armed with a cross-section of Jazz,mento, but mainly R & B records they would travel the countryside putting on shows, catering for houseparties, anywhere infact where there was some money to be made, or a fee to be earnt. The island did have an unofficial national music at this time - Mento!

TOMMY Mc COOK.

Yet any chance Mento had of carving a commercial niche was sunk by the influx from America. Mento had started at sometime during the twenties and was a strange mixture of African and spanish-latin beat, performed by banjo, guitar, drum, Clarinet and "C melody" Saxaphone. Although widely played in the thirties the Mento was a Jamaican equivilent of 'Garage punk' as the lewd and bawdy lyrics, made it a movement to be frowned on by the more affluent middle-classes. In the fourties a man dicided to remove Mento from its accept context. Cleaning the lyrics, Lord Fly took it off the street and put mento into some of the more classier joints. The record potential of Mento was relised with a handful of "78 r.p.m." recordings, done through the conviction of a man called Stanley Motta. His attempt at pushing Mento onto the public, was only lukewarmly recieved. With the war, there had been an increase in the number of warships visiting the isle, and this continued for long after the war.

the bucket seat..
It was the realisation that they weren't moving and the awareness of a foreign hand rubbing along the inner thigh of her jeans. That brought her back to world of the living with a shock.....

"Get off me.." she snapped, trying to brush the hand away. It became a trial of strength, the more she fought, the harder the hand tried to reach its intended goal.

"You don't think I gave you a lift out of the goodness of my heart do you ?" He rasped, as he leant across her seat, pinning her in. "Fucking get off you barstard!"

"Don't fight it girl, you know you want it!" He was breathing hard, getting excited as he felt the first contact of his fingers against her jeans front.

"That's it girl -" He said as she came round to his way of thinking, he could feel her hand running up his leg now, "Oh that feels g..." . Even as he spoke there was a faintly audible click, it was his turn to feel fear, to panic - with a horrorfied shriek, he jumped back faster than, he would have if someone had inserted his member into the hole for the car's cigarette lighter.

Carol followed his movement with her hand, ensuring the tip of the flick-knife's blade against the place where it could do the most damage. If it hadn't been for Sammy making her take the blade to the market, who knows what might have happened. "N-n-now steady on girl -" He wore a nervous grin of gallows humour "I didn't mean it, I was only having a little joke - yes, that's what it was - just a joke. Can't you take a joke! OUCH!" it was obvious from the slight jab that she couldn't.
"Get out" She said coldly.
"Pardon ?" said the man, he was having difficulty accepting that it was out. "Fucking get out she screeched, the blade turned in her hand and sank in about half an inch of thigh. With a cry of pain he evacuated the car like a rabbit with a ferret on its tail.

Carol left him hobbling around on the grass, holding the bleeding leg and going "Oh shit- oh shit!" like he was going to die. It was a long time since she last drove. But the car was no different from others. Tearing away from the scene of the attempted rape, she nearly left the road through panic, regaining her senses a bit, she managed to keep it on the road, within ten minutes she had gained enough experience of the handling to hold it onto one lane rather than a mixture of both.

The Anger, she now felt blinded her to the White cortina with a tasteful red band around the middle, skulking in a semi-dark lay-by.

"Time for business..." PC Golder noted as the Cortina gear went past. "What have we got ?" His partner enquired, he had been more intrested in the sandwich he was chomping on, "No seat belt and possible speeding - clock it to find out ?"
"Shit - why is it everytime I go to have me dinner, there's always some silly sod about!" Starting up, he bounced across the small grass bank, rather than leave by the normal exit. Onto the tarmac the wheels squealed, he flicked the lights and siren on, as Golder radio'd in what they had and reported the location, informing the radio operator that they were now in pursuit.

"OH FUCK IT!" Carol snarled, as the wail of the siren snapped her eyes to the rear-view mirror to see a set of head-lights mounted by a blue flashing one. There was a hundred yards in it, leaning forward her foot pressed down on the accelerator. "Hold on to your hats.." Golder said,

the Upstarts, like 4-skins and Infa-riot, were obviously different from the junk punk had become. So oi had to have a new name, because it was a new development. So I called the movement oi and compiled the first album in 1980. The name - oi - is a very London thing, from Max Miller through to Ian Dury onto Stinky turner, who always said "Oi-oi-oi!" at the start of his songs, rather than "1-2-3-4". Oi was working class - oi was direct - it was a street shout you couldn't ignore, just like the bands.

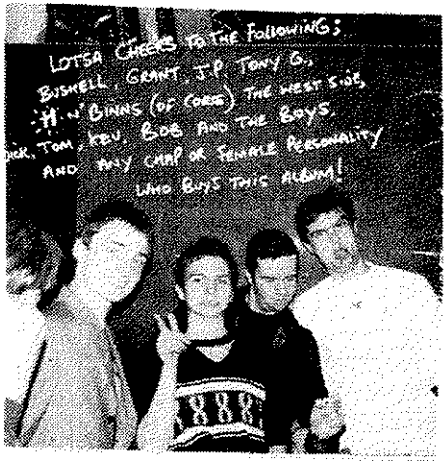
ON A MORE PERSONNAL LEVEL, WAS OI AN ATTEMPT AT BECOMING ANOTHER MCLAREN, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CONCEPTION OF A NEW MOVEMENT ?

G.B. No not Mc Laren, I didn't want to swindle my way to a million at that time. I did want to promote a new exciting rock & roll music that was singing about working class realities.

WHAT DID IT ENTAIL TO COMPILE,FINANCE, PRODUCE AND RELEASE - "OI THE ALBUM" ?

G.B. Gift of the gab again, I talked Sounds and E.M.I. into financing the whole works!

WITH THE INTRODUCTION OF 'OI' INTO THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF THE KIDS, WHAT EFFECT DID THIS HAVE ON YOUR WORK LOAD ?


LOTSA CHEERS TO THE FOLLOWINGS:
BUSHELL, GRANT, J.P. TONY G.
H.M. BINNS (OF COURSE) THE WEST SIDE
AND ANY CHAP OR FEMALE PERSONALITY
WHO BUYS THIS ALBUM!

G.B. I've always been a workaholic, but oi doubled my work load. I was the only person in the music press industry writing about skinhead bands.

WHEN SOUTHALL WENT UP. WHAT WENT THROUGH YOUR MIND, AND WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST REACTION ?

G.B. I was in New Castle with Rose Tattoo - I woke up with a massive hang-over and turned on the radio. Then it came on the news. My first thought was - "What the fuck ?". Next I got onto Lol, Tom and Gary Hodges trying to piece together the real story. By the time I got home the "News of the World" were phoning my mum's - everyone was taken completely by surprise!

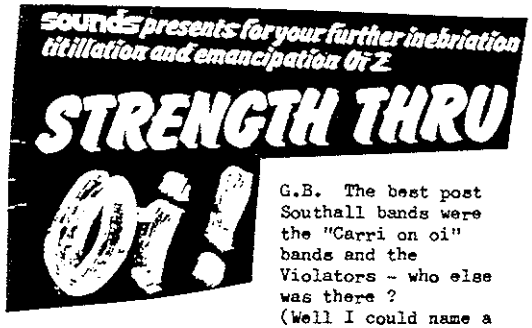
I GAINED THE IMPRESSION THAT YOU AT FIRST TRIED TO WEATHER THE STORM. THEN IT SEEMED YOU HAD A CHANGE OF HEART AND FELL IN WITH THE OFFICIAL LINE, AND WASHED YOUR HANDS OF OI. WERE YOU PRESSURED INTO THIS, OR WAS IT YOUR OWN CHOICE, IF THE LATTER PLEASE GIVE REASONS ?

G.B. Yeah I though Southall would make or break the movement - and it broke it. But no I never had a change of heart. I didn't write oi and punk off as dead for over a year. And when I did , it was because I felt the bands who could have made it - The Blitz and The Business primarily - had fucked it up. The Blitz by becoming lazy and arrogant and later cynically calculating. The Business by betraying Mr Ron Rouman ect.

OI THE MEETING, PUBLISHED IN SOUNDS APPEARED PRIOR TO THE CUT BACK IN FEATURES. IT WOULD SEEM THAT THIS WAS AN ATTEMPT AT KILLING OFF THE MOVEMENT - ESPECIALLY AS THE END RESULT WAS THE PROCLAIMATION THAT "OI IS DEAD". WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO PEOPLE LIKE ME, WHO THOUGHT THAT THAT WAS A KNIFE IN THE BACK ?

G.B. I'm not to sure what you mean here. We had two meetings (oi) prior to Southall and oi - the debate early on. If you mean my "Punk is dead" feature (Yea that's the one - Grogger). I wrote it for the above reasons and also to try and shake everyone up. Oi was dead - at least the first wave - because we had failed to shake up the charts and the industry. I'd say to people like you, that you have to create your own thing and your own bands, not live in the shadow of what we achieved in '80-'82.

"OI OI THAT'S YER LOT" SEEMED LIKE ANOTHER ATTEMPT AT LAYING OI TO REST. FOR APART FROM THE BUSINESS AND THE WARRIORS, THE REST OF THE TRACKS WERE PRETTY UNINSPIRING. THE EFFECT OF THE ALBUM SEEMED TO FIT THE GENERAL CONSENSUS OF THE TIME...INSPITE OF THE FACT THERE WAS STILL SOME A1 MATERIAL BEING PRODUCED AT THE TIME...WHAT CAN YOU SAY IN REPLY TO THIS ?



G.B. The best post Southall bands were the "Carri on oi" bands and the Violators - who else was there ? (Well I could name a few, but that's besides the point - Grogger). You see the oi albums were suppose to be showcases - not a rehash of the same old songs. I don't think there were bands around I liked until "Son of oi" when I liked Prole's music, Vicious Rumours and The Burial on "Oi of sex".

BUSH FACTS - OI THE TRIVAL PURSUITS

Tony Parsons wrote better books on teen-age gang warfare than Richard Allen!

THE IDEALS OF THE "SUSSED SKIN" MOVEMENT, CAME LARGELY FROM THE H.A.N. ARTICLE, WHICH CENTRED ON SOCAILIST AND SEMI-SOCAILIST OI BANDS. THERE BY IT WOULD APPEAR THE SUSSED ANGLE WAS SET UP TO CREATE A SITUATION WHERE THE CULT WOULD BECOME AN ALL OUT BATTLEFIELD BETWEEN LEFT AND RIGHT. I SAY THIS BECAUSE THE "TROJAN SKIN" WAS AND STILL IS, APART FROM THE POLITICS, SIMILIAR TO THE CULTURAL VALUES OF THE SUSSED SKIN. YET THIS WASN'T ACKNOWLEDGED. NOR WERE THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD "FUN" BANDS FEATURED. SO WHAT WERE THE INTENTIONS BEHIND THE SUSSED FEATURES ?

G.B. On politics I'll say we were wrong to try and push oi! to the left; but at the same time we were up against incredible pressure. Everyone outside the movement thought we were all national-socailists, and no band with that image can really get anywhere - besides which the accusations weren't true. I over-reacted, but anyone in my posistion would have had to do the same. Oi was basically anti-politics and it should have stayed that way. I was wrong to put middle-class lefties like Attila on an oi album.

On Sussed skins - yes your right, but Trojan skins weren't widely publicised and the new Sussed skin label was just to try and encourage a healthy skinhead development away from the glue and indie ghetto. While your wrong about the battlefield senerio, we've had Left Vs Right at gigs for years. I only wrote one Sussed feature - on The Burial and H.A.N. because they were the best new thing around.

MORE BUSH FACTS

Bob Hoskins is the best actor in the world!

WERE THE "SUSSED" FEATURES AN ATTEMPT AT ESTABLISHING A 'RED WEDGE' OF OI ?

G.B. Not really. I shouldn't have mix-ed politics with style, but again we had a real bad reputation to get away from...I should have felt so pressurised. Skinheads didn't need establishment blessing before - it doesn't need it now!

SO WHY GO OUT TO REPLACE ONE POLITICAL ANGLE WITH ANOTHER, RATHER THAN PROMOTE THE NON-POLITICAL SIDE OF THE "TROJAN SKINS" AND SUCH BANDS AS "VICIOUS RUMOURS", "THE BUSINESS", ECT. ?

G.B. I think I've explained this one, in my opinion I was wrong, but my motives were genuine - survival for the skinhead culture!

BUSH FACT

Bruce Springsteen has got a better voice than Millwall Roi - but only just!

FROM SOUNDS YOU JOINED THE SUN, WASN'T THIS A LITTLE CONTRIDICTORY TO THE SORT OF THINGS YOU WERE PRESENTING IN SOUNDS ?

G.B. It appeared to be more than it was!

IN THE TEMPO OF YOUR EARLIER ARTICLES YOU CAME OVER AS A RIGHT JACK THE LAD, YET NOWADAYS, ESPCIALLY WITH THE SUN. NOW THE ARTICLES ARE MORE REPORTIVE AND LESS PERSONAL, HAS THE JACK THE LAD ELEMENT INSIDE YOU DIED OR MELLOWED ?

G.B. You do change as you get older, but I don't think I'm too much different now. Obviously on Sounds my writing was all personality and it can't be like that on a national daily, especially when you start out. But I think I'm starting to make an impact on the "Current bun" now. I'm doing more features which is what I like!

BUSH FACT

There is only one team in London - C.A.F.C.!

HOW COME, IN SOUNDS 'THE REDSKINS' WERE THE BEST THING SINCE SLICED BREAD. YET IN THE SUN THEY WERE EXPOSED AS A

She waved as he drove off, waiting until the tail-lights had dissapeared around the next bend, before she crossed the road to the other side, and the lay-by.

Over the following half an hour, several cars went her way, but didn't stop. Carol was beginning to get pissed off with it, for her toes were starting to numb up with the creeping chill of the night. Dipping into the plastic bags, she managed to find a Harrington and cardigan that weren't damp and used these as supplementary blankets for the Carrycot.

"...Oh for fucks sake..." The rest of her muttered sentence was forgotten as another set of headlights worked their way towards her. Going out to the edge of the lay-by she stuck her thumb out, not believing it when the lights started to slow and a Rover drew up.. She was just going to get the Carrycot, when the owner of the vehicle spoke, through the electronically wound-down window. It was a rather snooty Lady with refined tones in her voice, "How long have you been here miss ?"
"'bout half hour!" Carol replied.

"Don't you think that's a little irresponsible, especially with a baby to concider ?"
"Well I ain't doing it for the fun of it!" Carol's back was bristling up.
"There's no need to be sarcastic!" The middle-aged woman snootily said.
"Look - you gonna give me a lift, or not ?" Carol demanded.
"No I don't do that sort of thing, won't have strangers in the car, I just stopped...."
"WELL FUCK OFF THEN!" Carol snarled, her wrath aroused with such a ferocity, that the lady's head dissapeared from the window, as fast as one might recoil their hand from a Lion's mouth.

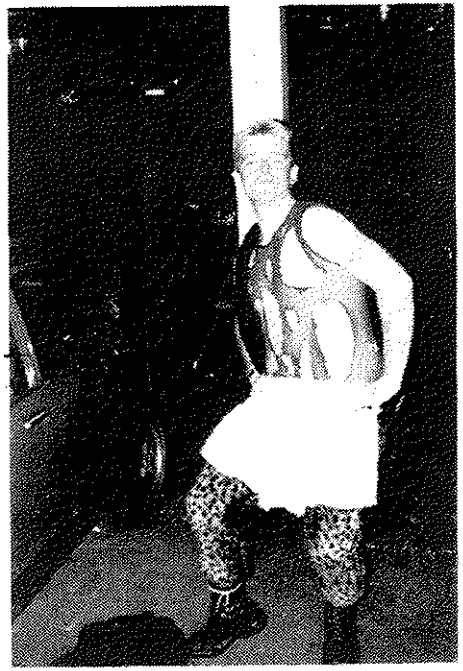
She started to pull away, aware of the thud that sounded on the rear-wing. Kicking the car had an element of satisfation - the bloody cheek of the slag! but it didn't half make her toes worse. Hopping around, she tried to hold her hurting foot. Another set of headlights had crept up while she was engrossed in her toes.

"I saw you dancing-" The voice surprised Carol, turning round to look at the driver of the Ford Cortina gear, the look of bewilderment and embaressment rolled into one on her face, "Most people stick a thumb out to attract a lift, still your dance has worked, I'm here - yours to command. Where you heading for ?"

"Bournemouth ?" Carol enquired.
"This is your lucky night girl, I live in Weymouth,"
"What is that near ?" Asked Carol showing her total lack of the geography of the locality.
"Put it this way, I'll be able to drop you at the door - so to speak!"
"Great"

Her benefactor was in his mid-thirties, a bit flash, but Carol put that down to the fact that, as he said,he was a holiday camp DJ. It takes the flash sort to have the right repartee with the audience. The car had the extra benefit of a child's safty seat in the rear. The driver had mentioned something about four kids. Darren was snuggly asleep, with the safty straps on and a blanket across his legs. He looked well settle there, with a peaceful expression on his face.

The music ommitted from the in car entertainment system was the likes of 'Wham', 'Culture Club', 'Depche Mode' and the like. Carol would have put up with Max Bygraves, if it had meant she wouldn't have to suffer another minute, of the cold on that lay-by. After about twenty minutes of the car-heater on full, Carol's eyes were becoming heavier. Her head fell against the head support of



cause, "No it's me wife see" he explained, "She's a country girl at heart, never did like the city, even when we was courting she hated it. For a while we lived in Hackney, where I was brought up. In the end her moaning became too much and for the sake of some peace of mind - I agreed to move to Netley View." Sternly to himself, "But I wouldn't let her talk me into exchanging this pitch for something on them South-Coast markets -The pitch has been in my family for years. It was my dad's and his dad, my grandfather, before that!"

realising he was rambling, the Trader stopped going over his own problems. It wasn't what this young girl wanted to hear. Carol didn't mind, there was a soothing quality to his tones, that made her feel relaxed.
"Anyway, if I drop you at the turn-off, will that do ?"
"Great!" Carol enthused.

The food duely arrived and Carol ate with a ravonious appetite to rival Darren's.

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The city fell away rapidly as the Van joined the outward bound motorway and gathered momentum. Carol had mixed emotions at this point. It was good because she felt as if a huge weight had suddenly dissapeared. But then she felt sadness, the city was her home.

For the first time in ages, she could talk freely without watching her back. Daylight gave way to dusk, as they Past Fleet motorport. With the night working its way across the land, Carol could see the lights of distance houses, across the fields, when the banks and trees that edged the road permitted. For the next half an hour or so she watched the darkness, dreamily, for any signs of life. As they neared Southampton they entered another stretch of illuminated highway. The lights were a disgusting yellow colour, that Carol detested instantly.

****

Coming off the motorway, he zoomed up the ramp and rode the roundabout to the required turn-off. Pulling over to the verge, he said "This is it girl!" Carol looked out at the bleakness, seeing the outlines of bushes and trees in the gloom. "If you stand over there," The man pointed to the other side where there was a lay-by, "You can thumb a lift" There's lots of traffic on the Bournemouth route, so it shouldn't take long!"
"Thanks!" Carol said and meant it, she had welded a strong bond of affection for him, out of what he had done for her.

Helping her out and to set up the carrycot, he slipped twenty-pound under the baby blanket. Careful not to disturb the sleeping Darren. A car turning off the rounabout at Speed just managed to avoid clipping the parked van. Angrily the cortina flashed past with a long blaring horn.
"Cunt!" swore the trader, "Look girl" he said turning to Carol, "I'll have to move before the next one does hit her!"
"Yea sure, you go...you've been a great help - thanks!" she gave him a peck on the cheek.

TRANSVESTITE'S TOP TEN

1: Your a better man than I - Sham 69
2: Dirk Wears white frocks- Adam & the ants.
3: A boy Called Sue - Johnny Cash
4: Transvestite - P.T.T.T.B.
5: Nights in white satin - The Moody blues
6: I'm a man, I'm a girl - Sham 69
7: Red dress - Alvin Stardust
8: The Lumberjack song - Monty Python.
9: Go Betty go - The Stranglers
10: Jet boy, Jet girl - The Damned

PRIOR TO DOING THE STORY ?

G.B. I'd got my hands on the picture and some additional information - but I had known of it for about eight years!

BUSH FACT

The only man to make any money out of Oi was Jewish business man Tony Gordon. he's the manager for Boy george now, but in his time he has managed Sham 69, Cockney Rejects & Angelic Upstarts!

I HEARD YOU DID A PIECE ON THE OI BANDS OF TODAY FOR SOUNDS, YET IT WAS REJECTED BY THE PRESENT EDITOR. WHY WAS IT REJECTED, AND WHAT MADE YOU RETURN TO OI AFTER SUCH A LONG ABSCENCE ?

G.B. It was rejected because he's a cunt. He couldn't run a bath. He just doesn't understand why 200,000 people brought Sounds in '81 and less than 60,000 buy it today. As to why, well I wanted to write about skins again because there is obviously a new scene coming through.

DOES THIS MEAN A RETURN OF THE BUSHELL INFLUENCE TO THE SCENE ?

G.B. No. But if any "Lads" bands are anywhere near the charts, I'll do my best to help them!

IF YOU MIGHT, HOW CAN WE BE SURE WE WON'T SEE GAL DOING "A WRONG UN" AGAIN ?

G.B. Everyone makes mistakes, but at least I admit mine. I don't think I betrayed oi! I just wrote the truth as I saw it!

I KNOW IT MUST BE HARD, BUT CAN YOU CONDENSE YOUR FEELINGS AND PERCEPTION OF EVENTS THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE. YOUR INVOLVEMENT AND ANY FUTURE INVOLVEMENT YOU INTEND - INTO A SHORT STATE MENT AIMED DIRECTLY AT THE READERSHIP ?

G.B. I enjoyed Oi. I enjoyed the good tunes and the comaraderie, I have no regrets about my involvement in oi. My only regrets are for the way we were misunderstood. I'd like to write a book about the real Oi story sometime.

To skinheads reading this I'd say: The true roots of skinhead were being sharp and shrewd. You have inherited the best ever working class youth cult - don't betray it! Learn from the mistakes of '81/'82. Build your own scene on the basis of what we achieved - don't be content with copying what we did. Don't let politics mug you into being street-war fodder. be proud of being British and working class - be proud of your culture - Be lucky!

ANOTHER BUSH FACT

'Chaos' is the best song written this side of THE GONADS!

MARXIST MENACE ?

G.B. I was bought up to be labour, but by 1979 I was seriously dissillusioned with British socailism. I was too patriotic for the trendy left, too socailist to be a Tory..And I was never particularly racist, so I couldn't have made it as a nazi!

When the Mail accused me of being a nazi I was so fucking annoyed, that I think I fell back on my Labour sympathies more as a defence mechanism. As to politics right now I don't support any party - I hate them all! As for The Sun, I like the Sun because its the working class paper. I don't like the Thatcherite policy, but I do like its hatred of the trendy left. As to the Redskins, its good to have them on the skinhead scene, to show how indie skins can be. When I had a go at them in the Sun, I was attacking 'Red Wedge' who I detest, but the directive towards the Redskins was, I think tongue in cheek - don't you ?

BUSH FACT.
Seething Wells is a tosser

HOW COME YOU DECIDED TO BLOW THE LID ON THE SUGGSY - STEWART FRIENDSHIP AT THE TIME YOU DID. FOR I CAN'T HONESTLY BELIEVE YOU WERE IGNORANT OF THE FACT,

P.S want a few Gonad lyrics? One careful owner.....

FOR THE RECORD

THE RISK.....LOUD SHIRTS & STRIPES.....UNICORN (LP)

This band might seem familiar to regular CS readers, as they were part of that "American scene" feature I had a little while back. The Risk are staunchly 'Mod' in sound. Yet having a good pull on the Washington D.C. skin scene. The LP is good, but cannot really compete against the memory of the 'Jam',who along with 'The Who' provide the basis for their sound.

Rating: ***

THE LONG TALL TEXANS.....SODBUSTERS.....RAZOR RECORDS (LP)

"Well rock ma socks off!" Bop-a-billy in the Straycats mode. Bloody lively and more volitile than Chelsea versus West Ham.

Rating: *****

LINK RECORDS

ONE LAW FOR THEM
YESTERDAYS HEROES
CLOCKWORK SKINHEAD
A.C.A.B.
I DONT WANNA DIE
SEEMS TO ME
LOW LIFE
ON THE STREETS

OASIS INDEPENDANT DISTRIBUTION (0424-4401)

LINK L.P. 02

PLASTIC GANGSTERS
EVIL
1984
SORRY
FIVE MORE YEARS
JACK THE LAD
WONDERFUL WORLD
CHAOS

OASIS INDEPENDANT DISTRIBUTION (0424-4401)

VARIOUS ARTISTS..... SKAVILLE USA.....SKA/OI RECORDS (LP)

14 tracks of sheer delight, 2-tone,Clash reggae, UB 40/Beat cross-over - American style! Nice happy,poppy sounds, much nicer on the ear-drums than the doomsday gothic merchants. Production is on the ball, as are the bands - watch out for the 'Toasters' as you'll be hearing more from them.

RATING: *****

SHAM 69.....LIVE n LOUD.....LINK RECORDS (LP)

If you thought 'Live' LP'S were all about rip-off merchants making a fast buck on a naff product, then this offering will come as a pleasant suprise. Production and finish wise, Old Andrew Lloyd-Webber couldn't have done better. It absolutely pisses all over the Polydor 'Live' issues.

RATING: *****

UNDER THE GUN.....GET READY..... ? (EP)

As the sixties sound is fast returning, you'd better hurry and get yourselves a large,12" portion, of the leading 80's exponants of the Motown sound. "Get Ready" is a re-cut of their debut single 'B' side, while "Get ready-Version" is a zany and instantly likeable 'Dub' revamp. The 12" also carries "Only you and I understand" - a real heavy shot of 'Dexy's'. Whilst "Standing in the shadow of guilt", is bloody brilliant, the pulsating bass rift and Brass accompaniment at the start, reminds me of latter day Madness - A la' "Yesterday's men"

RATING: *****

RED LONDON.....PRIDE & PASSION..... ? (EP)

4 tracks of really gutty sounds - a 2000 watt stack system job, play it as loud as you can!

RATING: ****

There's an old saying about any friendly port in a storm. And that's what Carol was unwittingly doing. Her movements became a carbon-copy of those she had made earlier that morning.

****

The street-trader was loading the unsold nik-naks into the back of a Luton van, when Carol arrived at his pitch.

He noticed and recognized her, as he lifted a tea-chest full of items, with a grunt onto the edge of the loading gate, before pushing it further back into the van. "Hello again" he said, once he had relieved himself of the burden. Carol just stood there dumbly looking at him. "Something the matter ?" he enquired, sensing her mood....'Something the matter ? - christ what am I gonna say to him, it's not his problem. The indecision proved to be the avenue by which her emotions broke through the numbness and reached the surface. Her eyes glistened with the build-up of moisture from the tear-ducts, the more she tried to hold it back - the worse it seemed to make it.

"Hey, hey, hey! What's all this ?" asked the Trader, moving toward her. Carol's lips curled back, but her clenched teeth prevent the cry from escaping. As the man took her in his arms. It brought back memories for Carol, of the times before her father left mum for another woman. When as a child he use to comfort her, when ever she was troubled, or came home from school crying because some of the other girls had bullied her. Deflating her resistance, like a holed Balloon, her body shuddered with silent sobs and her hands gripped the trader's jumper, as had her father's all those years ago.
"Oh sweetheart, what's the matter ?" the kind-hearted samaritian asked.

Carol tried to speak, to tell him her problem, but her voice was faltering, the words came out squeaky and very dis-jointedly. Tumbling from her lips as if in no proper order. The man came to a firm decision, lifting her chin up so they could see eye to eye, he spoke in soft tones, in an attempt at being reassuring. "Just hold on a minute sweetheart, while I secure the van. Then we'll go and get a cup of tea and find out what's bothering you - okay ?" Carol managed a nod and a faint semblance of a smile. "That's my girl" he said turning to lock the van.

In the cafe he order two teas, two specials a plate of mash potato and a baby bottle for darren. The cafe Carol recognized as the one she had bought an ice-cream from, when she had first come down the market. While they drank their tea and waited for the specials, which turned out to be a plate of sausage, Chips, Bacon, egg beans and mushrooms. The Trader made Carol go over the whole story. Which she managed to, thanks to the calming effect the hot sweet tea had on her.

After she had finished the Trader let out a low-whistle. For a moment he sat there silently weighing up the facts. While Carol waited impatiently for him to speak.
"No wonder your upset!" he said, then with a deep sigh, he looked ready to fall back into another deep think. Instead he spoke, " You said you was heading for Bournemouth, when they nicked your boyfriend right ?"
Carol Nodded. "Will these friends of his put you up, if you could get there ?"
"I should think so!" Carol replied, not really sure in herslf, but not giving the fact away. She was just counting on the fact that skinheads stook together when there was trouble, and that the Bournemouth skins would also look after one of their own.
"Well alright, I can give you a lift as far as the Southampton turn-off, that'll put you within fourty miles of it. I'd give you a lift all the way, but the wife is waiting to be taken out tonight." Noticing Carol's puzzled expression, the Trader knew the

rip-off artist. The Trader was well chuffed, "Stay on for the rest of the day, if you can score an extra two knicker in ten minutes, god knows what you'd do in a day!"

"Ten minutes ? half a bleedin' hour more like -" Carol voiced "Well I was bursting!".

"I'd better go, though-" Carol said Finishing the babycham in one go, "Me sister will be cooking in about an hour,and I wanna have a look round before I go!"

"Well take care!" he said,

"Yea bye"

"Bye"

****

The bus trip back had been long and boring, thanks to a traffic snarl-up in Harlesden high street, caused by a crew of gas board workers tearing up half the road in search of a leak. Twenty minutes it had taken to go from the top end of the high street, to the Stonebridge Flats and the Coach & horses by the bus garage.. Cutting across the circular, Carol got off opposite the small parade of shops, crossed the road and headed back towards the crossroads. It was a long way round, for cutting across the park was quicker, but it was the only way she knew.

Half way up the busy circular, Carol's mind was dtetracted from the thought of a nice hot bath, the chance to unwind and a decent meal by the sight of a familiar figure a few hundred yards ahead. Staring more intensely to make sure, she waved happily to Sammy - the fact their wasn't a similiar response, caused the feeling of uneasyness. Sammy and Carol closed the distance between each other quite quickily.

"What's up ?" Carol asked, with the feeling that she already knew the answer.

"Pigs -" Sammy stated, flatly. Carol's face dropped, "I managed to grabbed Darren's stuff off the line, while they was with Mia in the kitchen - it might be a bit damp still" . Carol was only dimly aware of her cousin's chatter, She was tired of all this running and hiding - "Why can't they leave me alone ?". Sammy felt awkward in this situation, it was beyond her - even with a father like hers, "I had to be quick, otherwises they might have sussed out what I was doing, I was shitting it!" Sammy's attempt at frivolity was wasted. But Carol appriciated what she was trying to do.

"Thanks kid!" she spoke with a falsetto tone, trying to hold some normality in her brave words; aware as she spoke, that they sounded like something out of a corny Bogart movie. Accepting the bags from her, they had time for a hug - which seemed to give Carol new strength. "Don't worry Sammy, it'll be alright!" Sammy nodded the glint of sadness in her eyes and expression to match, "Where are you going ?" her voice faltered, as the words stuck in her throat.

"Don't know" Carol found the role reversed, she was now comforting her cousin , "I'll phone you when I get there, alright ?"

One last squeeze and then she turned, and wheeled Darren back the way they had come. Sammy called after her, Carol waved in response.

****

As she walked away, the anger welled up inside her. Why couldn't those barstards leave me alone ..? For fucks sake, why ? It made her want to scream to lash out and hurt those who were hurting her.

She was alone again, with no clear idea in her head, where she was going, or what she was going to do when she got there.

LEE PERRY & THE UPSETTERS.....AMEGIDDEON.....TROJAN (LP)

The LP is alright in its self, yet not destined to be one of his classical works. The 'Upsetters' used for his Thamesmead recording lack the zest of the Barrett Brothers, who formed the key part of his seventies studio band.

Rating: ***

THE ETHIOPEANS.....BEST OF.....TROJAN (LP)

Now this is more like it! Trojan are really on the ball with this 21 track LP, that is truely the Best of The Ethiopeans and not one of those bullshit - 'Best of's'....

Rating: *****

POTATO 5 MEET LAUREL AITKEN.....POTATO 5/LAUREL AITKEN.....Gaz's Records (LP)

One side for Potato 5, and what a side - Tear up, spin on your head, jesse jackson,big city & Western Special are fully complimented by the other side, which sees the Potato 5 fronted by the ska legend himself. Laurel Aitken prooves to be as relevant and bubbly today, as he was in the late fifties and earky sixties. This LP for me is tops, because it shows there is still life after 2-tone. As well as showing Laurel Aitken back on form, after that "Rudi got married" affair for I-Spy (?), which although a fair record, to me was to patronizing of a great talent.

RATING: *****

MASS DEMONSTRATIONS

				*
ANTI-HEROES.....	U.S. MALE.....	I0 tracks.....	£I.50	Fair
CELESTIAL ORGY.....	NAUSEA.....	I3 Tracks.....	£I.50	Good
KNUTZ WITH A Z.....	FIRST DEMO.....	4 tracks.....	£I.50	Ist Class
KNUTZ WITH A Z.....	KNUTTERS.....	3 tracks.....	£I.50	Ist Class
KNUTZ WITH A Z.....	BACK IN FOURCE.....	3 tracks.....	£I.50	Ist Class
THE MAGNIFICENT.....	TEMPLE TAPES.....	5 tracks.....	£I.80	Ist Class
NAPOLEON SOLO.....	PARTY TAPE.....	6 tracks.....	£2.00	Ist Class
OBVIOUS ACTION.....	I977.....	9 tracks.....	£I.50	Fair
THE SPECAILS.....	LIVE AT THE MOONLIGHT CLUB.....	I0 tracks.....	£2.30	Ist Class

* = indicates recording quality and not intended as a reflection of band's ability.

MUSIC TYPE: (Top to bottom) American oi/ Mood punk-gothic/Punk/ Rockier punk/ gothic edge/Dutch oi (English lyrics)/Danish Soul-ska (Eng lyrics)/ Clash 77 style/Live Recording.

Ska

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* = I2" versions on B side. Original and contemporary reggae/rocksteady

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The Motown Sound of.....

UNDER THE GUN

LINE-UP

SIMON HART - Vocals
PETER LEY - Vocals/Guitar
PHIL LEY - Bass/Vocals
STEVE BREWER - Drums

THE BRASS MONKEYS - Sax, Trumpet & Trombone.

What with "Stand by me" and "When a man loves a woman" holding off the best of what the 80's record indust -ry has to offer, it seems some what appropriate that the next band to feature, is an Eighties Exponant of the old Motown Formula.
Having seen them down the Old Tiger in Lee Green, I am proud to present for you - "Under The Gun" in my humble zine, Take it away boys!

INTERVIEW

STRAIGHT AWAY INTO THOSE TRICKY OFF THE CUFF QUESTIONS - WHEN WAS THE BAND FORMED ?

A: 1984!

CORRECT! AND YOUR NEXT QUESTION FOR TEN POINTS - HAVE THERE BEEN ANY LINE-UP CHANGES SINCE THEN ?

A: No!

WELL YOUR NOT ONE TO WASTE WORDS ARE YOU ? SO STRAIGHT OFF THE TOP OF THE OLD SWEDE, WHAT SORT OF MATERIAL DID YOU START WITH ?

A: An old washing up bottle, sticky tape, coloured sweeties and some old Motown & Stax covers.

WHAT DO YOU CALL YOUR BRASS SECTION ?

A: "The Brass Monkeys" - but more often "The F***ing C***s"

CHARGESHEET TRIVIAL PURSUIT

Everyone who is a skinhead must have heard - "LONG SHOT KICK DE BUCKET" - By The Pioneers. But how many of you know who "Longshot" was ?

(See below for the answer)

LONGSHOT

Actaully it was a trick question, as there were two "LONGSHOT"(s). The first was a single on the amalgamated label called LONGSHOT. due to an odds on favourite being beaten by a rank outsider. But the actaul "LONGSHOT" in question, was a horse called "COMBAT" who died in the middle of the Jamaican eqivilent of our Derby. At the Caymana track in Kingston in '70. So remember that when your next skanking to the sounds of The Pioneers.

PHOTOS WANTED

Black and White Photographs are required to be featured in this portion of the fanzine. So if you've always wanted to be in print send them in....

in the drawer, slung underneath the barrow. He wandered off in the direction of the "Kings Arms".
"Have one for me", Carol cheekily called after him. He waved and dissapeared into the pub.

While he was there, a portly looking gent in a full three-piece suit, with matching brolly, browsed over the stall. Taking a particular shine to a brass elephant, he examined it, turning it over in his hands a few times before speaking in glossy tones to the waiting Carol. "I'll take this one young lady!".

Taking it from him, she noted it was £25, before tearing the ticket off and tossing it into the box of similiarly discarded tabs. She wrapped it first in tissue paper, before placing it into a brown paper bag; while the gent was opening his wallet.
"Now let me see.." He spoke as if to himself, "Its twenty-one pounds so.."

Carol butted in to the one way conversation instantly - "Sorry love, the ticket said twenty-seven, not twenty-one!"

"But..." started the Gent.
"You want it or not ?" Carol asked sternly, aware that Bill had stepped in behind her. The portly chap didn't know which way to turn, he couldn't walk away and leave it - the ornament was just what it would take to passify the wife, yet to argue over the two pound levvy would cause a scene. Handing Carol the money he gave a her a killing look. His sort didn't like scenes in public places, they prefered to pay up and shut up. Bill chuckled as the man went away in the huff.

"Serves the old so and so right", then to Carol, "Ever thought of taking this up full time ?"
"No, not before!"
"Take it from me girl, your right for it!" with that he returned to his stall.

****

Near enough ten minutes later, after a few browsers, but no real customers, the owner of the stall returned. In one hand he had a pint pot, while in the other he had one of those champange glasses.
"I wasn't sure what to get you, so I got a babycham".
Carol smirked, "Snakebite would have been, better!" accepting the glass she tasted the bubbling liquid.
"Do any business ?" he asked after draining half the pot in one go.
"You should have seen her mate!" Bill butted in and explained about the Elephant and the way Carol had turned the con back on the

Revenge Part 5

THE STORY SO FAR.....

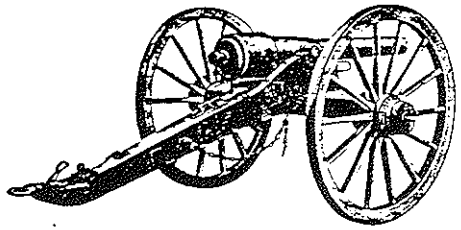
Carol and her boyfriend went on the run, after a newspaper article, falsely stated that she let her baby sniff glue, which brought the socail services to her door. Tempers got heated and it turned into a fight.

The night was spent at a squat that Dave knew and they set out for Waterloo station, when they were warned that the police were checking on the places of known skinheads. They had intended to go to Bournemouth, to stay with some friends of Dave's, but Dave was picked up as a suspicious charector, While Carol was away changing the Baby in the toilet's. Seeing Dave being led away, left Carol in a distraught zombie like state. Some how she had made her way to her sister's place in Stonebridge Park. After a couple of days she felt relaxed and safe enough to venture down Portobello market.....

THE STORY CONTINUES

While Carol was looking over an electrical goods stall, with her eye on the cheap Walkman's, The trader from the neighbouring Stall was stooped over the Carry-cot, playing with Carol's baby. Darren was fascinated, and gurgled with delight as the man talked softly to him, while playfully jabbing a gentle finger into his ticklish spots. The man looked up and both he and Carol exchanged Friendly smiles.
"He's a great little chap!"
Compliments concerning Darren, always gave Carol a certain glow of pride. Placing the walkman she was holding, back into it's place, she turned to watch Darren's new friend playing with him.
"He likes you!" Carol noted from her baby's reactions. The Man nodded,
"Yea well I've got four of my own - see ?"
"Good with kids then ?" Carol asked.
"Yea even before I had the first - eh, well not me personally, the wife like..."
Carol laughed, "..nah I've always had a bit of something when it comes to kids!"

From there they talked for ages, Carol really warmed to this stout friendly guy. The things they talked about were allsorts of things, inbetween his customers.
"Here ? " he suddenly chirped, "Would you mind looking after the stall for a minute, I've gotta have a P...Jimmy!"
"Me ?" Carol was taken by surprise, "But I've never...."
"Oh that don't matter, Bill will keep an eye on you- WON'T YOU BILL ?" he called to the other on the Hi-fi stall, "What's that mate?" the other asked as he wrapped a cassette player up and sorted out the change for the customer.
"She's gonna look after me stall, keep an eye on her incase she has any problems!"
"Sure!" the answer came back.
"There you are.." he said beaming at Carol, "There's nothing to it, Bill can be a right plonker at times, but he knows the markets!"
"I love you too mate" Bill called, in reply to what he had overheard.
The trader explained that the brass-nik-naks all carried tickets with the prices on, and there was a ten pound float of loose change



WELL THAT SHOULD SETTLE THE QUESTION BURNING IN EVERY PARENT'S MIND - ARE 'UNDER THE GUN' THE SORT OF CLEAN, WHOLESOME BAND I WOULD WANT MY KIDS TO SEE ? ANYWAY PURSUEING THE ANGLE ON ACTIVE FEMALE SEXUAL ORGANS - ARE THE 'BRASS MONKEYS' PART OF THE BAND OR SESSION PLAYERS ?

A: Session players, would you have people that strange, in your band on a permanant basis ?

POINT TAKEN, RIGHT ENOUGH SAID ABOUT THE BRASS MONKEYS, EXCEPT REMEMBER TO STAY AWAY FROM EXTREMELY COLD WEATHER! SERIOUSLY NOW - WHAT IS THE EXTENT OF YOUR SET ?

A: About fourty-five minutes, or when the audience begs for mercy!

"GET READY" IS A COVER VERSION, ARE THERE ANY OTHER COVERS THAT YOU DO ?

A: "Give me a little more time" by 'Chairman of the board'.

SO HOW DID THE FIRST SINGLE DO ?

A: It bubbled in obscurity for a while, before becoming a massive cult hit in the Transvestite disco curcuit of lower Patagonia!

ARE YOU PLEASED WITH THE WAY IT TURN -ED OUT, OR DO YOU GET LITTLE THOUGHTS LIKE: 'IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BETTER IF WE DONE THIS, OR THAT' ?

A: We were pleased with the single, given the limited resources ect. We were however dissapointed with the lack of push it was given by our record company once we had scored air-time on Radio one. Also there slowness in transfering it to a Major distributor, when it recieved more favourable plays on air...

WHAT DO YOU EACH DO, WHEN NOT PLAYING FOR THE BAND ?

A: Simon and Peter sober up, Steve gets into debt and Phil gets even more drunker!

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR NEW VENUES AND AUDIENCES ?

A: Yes!!! Pleeeease!!!!!

WHAT TYPE OF VENUES AND AUDIENCES ?

A: we'll play anytime, anywhere with a good P.A. and stage. To anyone who wants to dance, have a good time and follow the best live band in the bleedin' world!

IF YOU HAD THE CHANCE TO SUPPORT ANY FIGURE IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF POP MUSIC, WHO WOULD YOU CHOOSE ?

A: Phil has played bass with Elvis Presley, I called him a 'Fat Prat' So I guess that rules him out..We'd possibly like to play as part of a Motown super group. Comprising of us, Smokey Robinson, The Temptations, The Four Tops, Diana Ross and Martha Reeves... oh, and Gary Glitter supporting!

AS A LARGE BAND,WHEN THE FULL COMPLIMENT IS TOGETHER,IT CAN'T BE EASY BREAKING EVEN ?

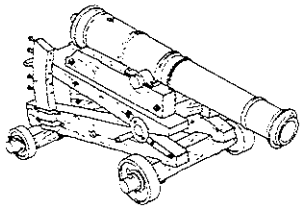
A: We never break even.."The Brass Monkeys", who are a bunch of mercenary gits, have to be paid no matter how small the crowd is - so come along and see us play, as you will make four poor men very happy!

IF YOU DON'T YOU'LL MAKE FOUR HAPPY MEN VERY POOR! ONTO VINYLS, WHAT IS YOUR NEXT ONE ?

A: Don't know yet, probably an EP (see record reviews), you see we have demos of most of our material, but we're concertrating on getting a good agency deal, in order to play better gigs, support bigger bands and hopefully get some press.

HOW DO YOU ENVISAGE 'UNDER THE GUN' TODAY AND IN THE FUTURE ?

A: Right now I think we're the band everyone's been waiting for, to bring back excitement and passion to the music scene. Hopefully the future will see us financially better off, with a bigger and better show.
Ideally we 'd like to make each gig a celebratory event, where a complete cross-section of people can meet, drink, dance and come out at the end of the evening feeling they've participated in something specail.Also we'd like to get laid, as we're still virgins - Except Pete who sometimes interfers with sheep!



ANYTHING YOU'D CARE TO ADD,BEARING IN MIND THE INTERVIEW IS INTENDED TO GIVE, AS A COMPREHENSIVE A LOOK, AT THE BAND AS POSSIBLE ?

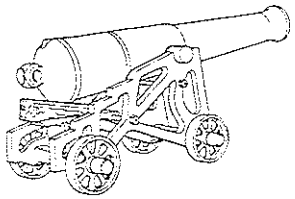
A: We see ourselves as being a much needed alternative to the present music scene, which is split by Intrigue, Jealousy, Pettyminded-ness & Tunnel-vision. We want to be the band who can break-down the barriers; so that our gigs can be a "Gathering of the clan", events where music and passion can be celebrated. For too long people have been staying away from gigs, because of various cliques being applied to a pacific band, stating that these bands belong here, those bands belong there - we say that music is for the majority, not the minority!

As Under the Gun we're non-discriminatory, an equal -opportunities band who want to make incredibly large amounts of money. While imposing ourselves on as many consenting females as possible. So bring your scooters, combats, hair-gel, leathers, studs, Psycadelia, college-wear, wet-look,straight-look, what -ever. But above all come to participate not segragate. Imagine Gary Glitter, T.Rex, Mott the Hoople...Imagine Stax and Motown.. Imagine New wave and packed sweaty clubs.. Imagine Excitement! - then wake up and see "Under The Gun"!!!

Then once you've danced yourselves dizzy, bought the records, bought the t-shirt, bought the video, bought the video of "How-the-record -T-shirt-And-Video-Were-Made" Why not buy the band a drink, we'll be the ones slumped over the foot-rail ,we'll drink with anyone, except for our manager - Mark Brennan who has an embaressing vocal and gynaecological problem, basically in layman's terms - "He speaks like a c***!" Though his managerial skills are without rival, the way he manages to be in the toilet everytime its his round amazes me.

Please bear in mind that "Under the Gun" can be contacted on 01-852-8294, for info, gig offers, or by incredibly big-chested girls,ect..

Well there you go! take it from me they are an act not to be missed, so get the records, and "GET READY" for "Under the Gun"!



LINK RECORDS

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LINK L.P. 03

OI!
CHARTBUSTERS
No. 1 In a new series of Albums featuring all time classics, rare, live, and unusual recordings by the best known bands in Oi!

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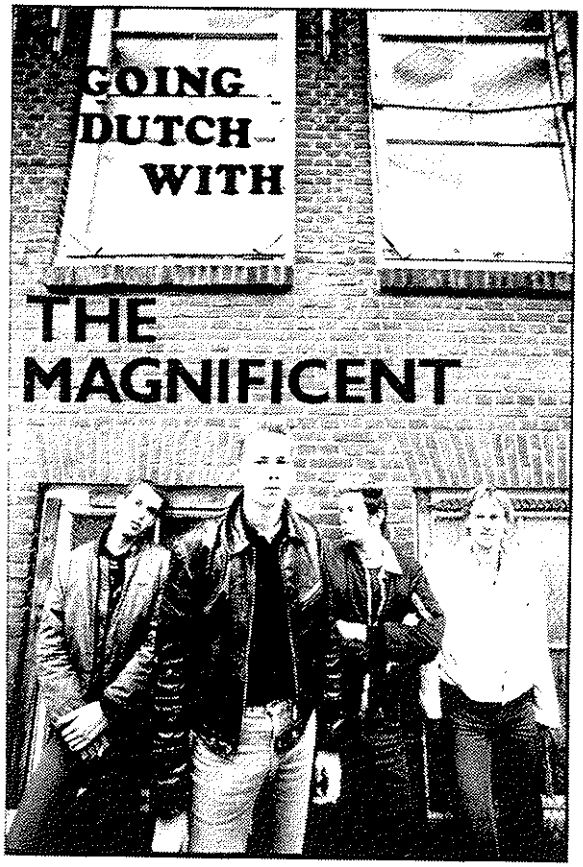

Back in the mists of time, nineteen seventy-nine to be precise, a band called "The Squats" was formed by three friends.

In next to no time they came to be regarded as one of the best punk bands Holland has produced. Through such reknown, a lot of gigs were forth-coming, from the home country and across the borders, in particular Belguim. Even as they started the oi-movement was forming in the UK, as the movement gathered momentum there started the continental overspill, for music is the one thing that knows no borders. The result of this exportation for "The Squats" was a marked increase in the number of home-grown skinheads in the audience.

With high regard came the obliquatory supports to visiting English bands, such as ANTI-PASTI, UK SUBS, ANGELIC UPSTARTS, ECT.

By Nineteen Eighty-three, person -nal problems and history repeating itself (Sham like violence at gigs) caught up with "THE SQUATS" and they dis-banded.

Twelve months, and Gerrit, Bock and Tony were not satisfied with their self-imposed exile from the music scene. So began "THE MAGNIFICENT" in January of eighty-four, the name was lifted from a single by "The Proffessionals", a band to result from the decimated Sex Pistols. For around six months the band toyed with several line-ups, before settling on Gerrit: Bass, Gilbert: vocals, Tony: Guitar, Bock: Drums. So from July Eighty-four, they hit the road. The resulting gis were good, the audience loved them and the promotors were flocking - all seemed well until February of Eighty-five when they attempted to record a demo, the bombshell hit them, Gilbert just did not have the voice to cut studio recordings. The resulting revelation, created a further line-up change. Gilbert vacated the Vox slot for Coop, while Tony was replaced by Ted. Only now are they up to scratch on all fronts, Live and Studio. More supports to English bands follow - Accident,Johnny Thunders, The Business... From the Business support came their biggest break todate. For with the establishment of Link Records, by Business Bassist Mark Brennan, The Magnificent relise an ambition of a track on a UK oi album. Because of the intrest generated, the Magnificent also captured a recording deal with Roddy Moreno and Oi records for the third volume of the "Skins & Punks" series of split-LPs.

A further 5 songs will be released through this fanzines "MASSED DEMONSTRATIONS" service, if there are any promotors, or venue managers, who are intrested in giving the Magnificent their UK first, please contact the band at: Muchterstraat 31, 6511 TX Nijmegen, Holland. Overall they prefer the smaller venues, Pubs and clubs, because it is more idealistically in keeping with the Punk philosphy of a "Sweaty" atmosphere.

, this was followed by the Trojan records release, of his debut album, appropriatly entitled - "The Upsetter". All royalties were ploughed into his Upsetter label and the "Black Ark" studios,that he built into the rear of his Washington Gardens home. The upsetters, were the mainstay of his operation, becoming the resident studio band. This band consisted of the Barett brothers - Aston and Carlton, pouched from Dodd , as they were apart of "Carlton and his shoes", along with Bonnie Williams.

The Black Ark studio, consists of a 4 track machine, although limited in his resources, he perfected the double-timed cymbal sound, that was to feature heavily on his international hit for Junior Marvin -"Police & thieves".

Whilst at Studio I, Perry had struck up a working relationship with a band called "The Wailin' Wailers", who following Perry's depature, also deserted Dodd's ship. They came to Lee as: 'Bob Marley & the Wailers', and he helped them write and achieve some of their earliest international releases: "Small Axe", "African Herbsman", "Kaya" and the "Soul Rebel" album. Besides the Wailers his studio was also the spawning ground of other international names: Susan Cadogan with "Hurts so good", the Upsetters giving a Brilliant indictment of the rythm on the 'B' side with "Loving is good", also there was Max Romeo, renowned for his suggestive ""Wet Dream" single. When international super stardom called on Bob Marley, he was lured away to Chris Blackwell's Island records company. In leaving Lee Perry he also took the Upsetters with him, leaving Lee a bit dispondant.

Two years went by and Lee travelled to Europe and emmersed himself in the drug and street culture of Amsterdam. Here he was introduced to the effects of L.S.D., as well as the new youth craze of Punk Rock.

Requested by Chris Blackwell to join Bob Marley in the London branch of the company, they collaberated on the "Jammin'" single, whilst Lee produced the secound side "Punky reggae party", for Bob Marley to perform. Lee returned too Jamaica and probably due to the experiments with LSD, though credited as his way of getting rid of free loaders, Lee perry took the traits of excentricity to the point of insanity, in the eyes of the local reggae community. Erecting a large impenatratable fence arbund his home and studio, he became more recluse like, the questionable state of mind seemed confirmed with the total ban on dreadlocks and a crusading war against rastafarianism. For the next seven years things were to remain quiet, until 1986, when he was back with a vengence, appearing live at a floating concert/Channel cruise, promoted by Gaz's rockin blues, and spending several months in the recording studios at Thamesmead, in South London. The end product of which was the "Battle of Armiggedeon" album for Trojan records. The rest of the Lee Perry story has yet to happen and be written about, so in closing I will leave you with a personnal choice of top ten Lee Perry/Upsetter tracks:

LEE PERRY & THE UPSETTERS

I: Blackbelt Jones
2: For a few dollars more
3: Big noise
4: Shocks of mighty
5: Return of Django
6: Return of the ugly
7: Loving is good
8: Tidal Wave
9: Soulful I
IO: Man from M.I.5.

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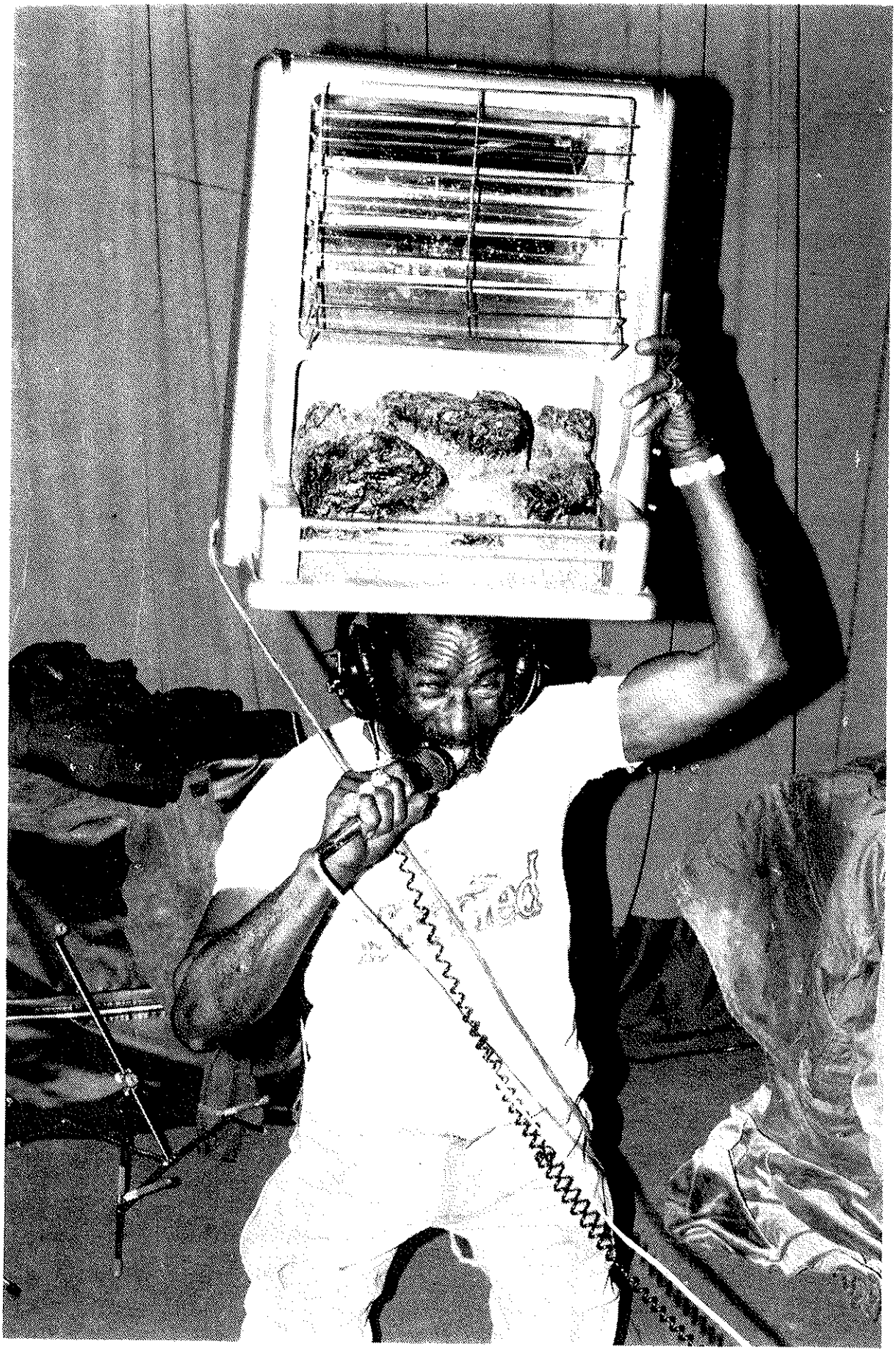
9.30 P.M. - 3.30 A.M.

LEE PERRY

Lee Perry was born in 1939, in St Marys, Jamaica . His musical career started in the fifties in a small way, as a record shop asisstant - if it could be called a record shop ? It was infact a car-come mobile record shack, belonging to one Clement dodd. "Coxsone" Dodd was also the owner and operator of the "Downbeat" sound system, which, along with Duke Reid's "Treasure Isle" sound system, was rated as the elite few - the creme de la' creme!

From Record shop asisstant Lee Perry found himself elevated to the rank of Sound system controller, along with one other, who also found a measure of vinyl fame, later on - Jackie Mittoo. Clement followed Duke Reid's lead, in taking local musicians into the studio, to replace the loss of the American R & B imports, that occured with the advent of rock & roll. This move provided both Jackie and Lee with another step up - that of Talent scouts and trainee arrangers/producers. It was shortly after this time that Lee had his first venture onto vinyl, that also provided him with one of his nicknames. The record was cut in response to the latest dance craze sweeping the island, both the record and the dance were called "Chicken scratch", and its not too hard to guess what nickname he acquired from this! Encouraged by the response Lee,under the name of "king Perry", scored his first real local sucess with two rather naughty rock-steady numbers - "Doctor Dick" & "Rub & Squeeze". Unfortunately, like so many others, Lee fell foul of Clement's business methods and in the result -ing row, Lee quit 'Studio one'. From there he went onto Joe Gibb's 'Wirl' studio, where he cut "People funny boy" (Reputed to be about Dodd). Also supposed to be an airing of his feelings towards Clement was the 'Upsetter' single.

The time was ripe to put his training into practise, and the tail-end of 68, beginning of 69, he founded the "Upsetter" label, at the same time that he scored international success with "Return of Django" (No5 - 4/IO/69)



LEE PERRY '86

PHOTO: TROJAN RECORDS LIMITED.